Honeybee

was what i decided to call you when i heard that soft, sweet tune
hummed between your lips one random day in June.
unbeknownst to the irony that now had entered the room,
little did i know how well it'd come to fit.
sometimes i'd question the moments we share like this;
me and you on the couch, strewn like nothing's amiss
within the confines of these shared walls, bodies pressed
while your head rested atop my thrumming chest.
you swore we're just that close, friends with nothing to disclose
but oh, i know he'd oppose once he finally knows
the things you've kept even from yourself, i suppose.
under your rug lie difficult questions from way back before,
nothing ever lingered in that pretty little head of yours.
i know you've got your own way of dealing with shit,
but running away won't fix anything you gotta admit
and surely i'm an idiot for loving you despite all of this,
especially after everything we let happen,
a whole year since that drunken night in Manhattan.
i can't be the only one thinking that this is wrong
and i hope someone comes to pluck me right out of the ground
because i'm still the flower that you're always coming back to see
and your honeyed touch is a habit i can't seem to quit, my honeybee.